

The sweet sister's face cleared up, like the sky after a shower. "You're *very* kind," she said, "and I know we can pay you the rest after a while. I can't bear to give it up, for it is so troublesome to have to fetch all the drinking and cooking water from that spring half a mile away!"

"Of course it is," said Mr. Wells heartily—"a great deal too troublesome. I'll be there bright and early to-morrow morning, and I'll be bound *my* well won't cave in if you live to drink out of it a hundred years; and I'm sure I hope you may!"

They all laughed at this, and then we bade good-evening again, and really started this time.

I was so pleased about the well, and it was such a pleasant evening, that I felt even friskier than common as we went home. We came another way, which took us through the sheep-pasture and near the river. We were not afraid to leave the road when we were so near the house as that, for the man that did the farming lived down by the river; so it was not lonesome, like the path through the woods. I did not take any notice of sheep as a general thing—they are such very stupid animals—but as we were passing through this field an old black ram came forward and lowered his horns, and baa-ed at us in such an impertinent manner that I flew at him. I was not going to hurt him, but I did want to frighten him a little, and teach him better manners.

But it was I who got the teaching that time. Instead of running, as I expected he would, when I flew at him, *he* flew at me, and the